

# LINES TO A CERTAIN ORIENTAL LATELY AMONG US.

I wish you'd go! I spend my time  
In vainly trying to avoid you.  
Have I committed any crime,  
Or done some action that annoyed you?  
You came an uninvited guest,  
You stopped in spite of my com-  
plaining.  
I should be thankful for a rest,  
Yet you insist upon remaining.

Let none in future talk to me  
About politeness Oriental!  
Your manners ought, of course, to be  
Obsequious and mild and gentle.  
You ought, again, from what I've heard,  
To take life lazily and limply.  
You don't. It's utterly absurd.  
The whole thing is a fiction simply.

Your clamouring in every place  
I hear with indignation bristling,  
About the house you roar and race,  
And wake me up at night by whistling.  
I'll take my oath you never dreamed  
Of asking anyone's permission  
Before you did the thing which seemed  
To suit your selfish disposition.

You've no respect for any man;  
At your brutality I tremble.  
The Cockney, *genus* Hooligan,  
Is what you most on earth resemble.  
I am of those that love you least,  
You sheer unmitigated pest, you!  
O wind that blows from out the East,  
To speak quite plainly, I detest you.

## A MAY MASKE.

MAY I be permitted to propose a revival of the ancient maske in honour of the Coronation? According to precedent there should be a procession starting from Holborn, and reaching its destination in St. James's. Then there should be carnival and "sports of a gentler character" *en route*. Say the procession (which might include curs representing, emblematically—with the genial assistance of the Examiners, the Taxing-Masters, and the forensic members of the United Club—Legal Education, the Integrity of the Lower Branch of the Profession, and the Apotheosis of the Bar) entered the Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice and waited for an entertainment. Then would come the opportunity for those pleasant "diversions" that gave so much delight to our forefathers. I think I may make a few pertinent suggestions.

As a prelude, could not the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice (clad in full armour) shiver lances in honour of Justitia, the fair lady of the Tournament? The Hall of Justice is



## ERRATIC.

*Pedestrian (anxious for his safety).* "NOW, WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING TO HIT THE BALL?"  
*Worried Beginner.* "ONLY WISH TO GOODNESS I KNEW MYSELF!"

quite large enough to be the appropriate scene of an interesting forensic display of mediæval horsemanship. Then—as a concession to modern creations—there might be a Morisco (or Morris dance) of Metropolitan Police Magistrates. The Lords Justices of Appeal might follow with the Pavan, wearing swords under their robes for the nonce, to give due effect (by the uplifting of the rapier ends) to the "strutting figure" of that quaintly amusing measure.

Then, before the procession resumed its pilgrimage a concluding tableau should be arranged symbolical of the fusion of Law with Equity and the triumph of Justice tempered by Costs. And now I have performed what I believe to be a duty.

I shall myself be pleased to take a humble part in the pageant, but I feel I am scarcely worthy to fill a rôle that a learned and too partial friend has suggested to me. I must yield to others the right to appear as the missing link between the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chancellor.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pump Handle Court.*

"CURLING TEAM FOR CANADA."—Seeing this heading recently in the *Times*, I write to you, Mr. Punch, who know most things, to inquire if all our leading, or, as one may put it, our head perruquiers are going to Canada? Will all be Englishmen? and will a knowledge of "Foreign Tongs" be an essential qualification? A REAL CLIFFER.

THE GREAT DRURY LANE SUCCESS.—After its present run, which, as seems probable, will continue till Pantomime time, *Ben Hur* will, it is not yet officially announced, be succeeded by an Italian melodramatic play entitled *Ben Trovato*, and then by *Ben Nevis*, a Scotch Mystery Play. The receipts have gone up by leaps. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS's motto is now "In for a Benny, in for a Bound!" It will be long ere we hear of any Knell of Old Drury in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

NEW ROYAL RULE (suggested to the Jockey Club in this Grand Coronational Meeting Year).—All bets about *Sceptre* (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) for Derby, Oaks, and Grand Prix, must be made in crowns and sovereigns.

### THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST; OR, "CASTE" RECAST.

*Omnia vincit amor.* TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste*, being true to human nature, is as alive to-day as it was when first produced at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, then far better known to all playgoers as SIDNEY BANCROFT and MARIE WILTON; the latter having at that time but recently renounced the vanities and varieties of old Strand-Theatre Burlesques for the higher walks of domestic comedy, of which this play, full of light and shade, was one of ROBERTSON'S happiest efforts.

The talent of the actress who is to make a real success as *Polly Eccles* must be of the nature of that craftily qualified sparkling mixture which was the distinguishing characteristic of MARIE WILTON. A professional knowledge of burlesque is essential to the part, as witness *Polly's* "recitation" and "imitation" in the last act; also a professional knowledge of ballet action, of pantomime and burlesque, and a very strong appreciation of what was ridiculous in old melodrama, are equally essential to the effective rendering of the *Polly Eccles* "as she is wrote." All this Miss MARIE (name of best omen to the character) TEMPEST possesses, and it would be no easy task to find an actress better suited to the part.

Putting aside the dramatic contrasts so ably maintained throughout, the real absorbing interest of the story lies entirely with *Polly's* elder sister, *Esther Eccles*, and never could this character have been more tenderly, more sweetly, more touchingly, nor, where passion is essential, more forcibly played than, as it is now, by Miss WINIFRED EMERY. As the young lieutenant (Tom ROBERTSON, like the *Grande Duchesse*, "doted on the military"), Mr. ALLAN AYNWORTH gives us an excellent portrait of a youthful "officer and gentleman," frank, impulsive, generous, and not overburdened with brains; while Mr. BRANDON THOMAS makes his impression by subtly conveying to the audience not only that he is not by any means such a fool as he looks, but that the upper-crust glazing is, after all, very thin, and that beneath are the instincts of a true gentleman, just as underlying *Sam Gerridge's* cockney exterior of the London artisan in his Sunday clothes, is the honest impulse that stamps him temporarily, and in the best sense, as one of Nature's true Nobility. Of this last-named character Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS makes the most: though I doubt whether, when at tea with his betrothed *Polly*, even had they been by themselves and without "company," *Sam* would have ever been so unnecessarily, so—permit me—so beastly vulgar, as to bite a hunk off the loaf from which he is cutting buttered slices for his sweetheart and the "swell" visitor.

Curious to note how ROBERTSON, having "taken in" THACKERAY "through the pores," has in this play given us a sort of *Sam Huxter* in his *Sam Gerridge*, and a variant of the *Captain Costigan* type in *Old Eccles*; the outline of the *Marquise* can be traced to *Madame de Florac* in *The Newcomes*, *Polly* to *Fanny Bolton* who afterwards became *Mrs. Sam Huxter*, and I am not certain if even *Captain Hawtree* is not simply *Major Dobbin*, out of *Vanity Fair*, Robertsonised.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S *Old Eccles* is a study in the grim humour of sodden habitual drunkenness. At first, when he is moderately sober, his *Eccles* is immensely funny,—you are amused and you pity him; so also, when he sings, makes speeches, drinks imaginary toasts, denounces the aristocratic baby, you cannot choose but laugh. When, however, he comes fresh, very fresh, from the public-house "round the corner," reeking of strong whisky and rankest shag tobacco (its nauseous odour seems to pervade the entire house, so realistic is CYRIL

MAUDE'S interpretation of this final phase of *Old Eccles*), how relieved are the audience to see him, after tumbling and fumbling round the table, sink into a chair by the fireplace and "then be heard no more!" You know his fate, it has been crudely and unfeelingly (in the presence of his own daughters) predicted by *Major Hawtree*; *Old Eccles* is to go to the Land of Spirits, the cheapest possible spirits; that is, he is to take Jersey as the last stage of his journey to the bank of the Styx.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, as the *Marquise de St. Maur*, a lady "with a history," full to overflowing of family records from the pages of *Froissart* (judiciously abbreviated), gives the final touch that completes an exceptionally perfect *Caste*.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING Mr. JOHN MURRAY'S catalogue of forthcoming works, my Baronite noted with pleasurable anticipation promise of a biography of Sir WILLIAM WHITE. His portly figure, his smiling countenance, his manner almost boisterous in its friendliness, were familiar during his frequent visits to London. His influence on the foreign Courts to which he was accredited, notably Constantinople, was matter of history. With such material at hand, Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has succeeded in producing a curiously muddled narrative. Periods, personages, and countries are so mixed up that the belated reader, like the man hymned in minstrelsy, "dunno where he are." Many of the letters, in addition to being otherwise pointless, are given without date. Mr. EDWARDS himself gets so mixed up, probably after reading his proofs, that twice, on pp. 122 and 263, he tells in full detail and almost the same language, how it was Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE who, fifty years before Mr. GLADSTONE, used, in the same connection, the phrase about turning the Turks out of Europe "bag and baggage." The book gives no idea of the remarkable personality of the man who, up to his thirty-fourth year, was chiefly engaged in farming, at that epoch entered the Warsaw consulate in a subordinate capacity, and, unaided save by merit, rose to be British Minister at Constantinople. The divagations into the history of the last forty years in Poland, Servia, and Turkey are equally forlorn.

*Nicholas Holbrook* (SMITH, ELDER) achieves a distinct triumph. The average novel reader, an upright, kind-hearted creature, instinctively desires to see the villain of a story defeated and the good man get all, including the heroine. By skilful art and clever management OLIVE BIRRELL succeeds in reconciling my Baronite (representative of the average reader) to an arrangement whereby the virtuous and noble-minded is put aside, and good fortune attends the disreputable party. It seemed at the outset that *Dulcie* was sure to marry *Nicholas* and live happily ever after. Miss BIRRELL, skirting the commonplace, in the end avoids it, with the conclusion hinted at. *Dulcie* is a charming girl, *Nicholas Holbrook* a fine character carefully drawn. The story of *Mrs. Holbrook* is but an episode apart from the main narrative. But it is not the least attractive chapter of a wholesome, brightly-written book.

An unfortunate somebody having asked the Baron to read and mention *Ludus Amoris* in his long and firmly established Booking Office, he set himself to what he very soon discovered was likely to prove a formidable task. Gallantly he rode along, pencil in rest, but at the fifth obstacle, that is, "chapter," he gave it up, exclaiming, "The force of reading can no further go. Hand it over to any 'Skipper' who, with or without 'his boy,' may be languishing for want of exercise, and commend to him most heartily  
THE BUSY BARON DE B.-W."



OUR OPENING DAY T.R.A.

Manager P-ynt-r. 'WALK UP, WALK UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! POSITIVELY NOW COMMENCING! ALL THE OLD AND NEW FAVOURITES! SOMETHING TO SUIT ALL TASTES! ONLY ONE PRICE! THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXHIBITION NOW ON VIEW! WALK UP!!'

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## THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

(A Foreboding of Dr. Leyds.)

WHAT is this strange, unearthly fear  
That weighs me down like lead?  
Why do I wake and rudely shake  
In my well-appointed bed,  
And feel a horrible bogey form  
Come gibbering round my head?

Like to a sleepless sentinel  
It keeps its nightly post,  
Of all known things that go on wings  
Abhorred by me the most;  
It is the so-called Angel, Peace!  
She is that horrid ghost.

In vain I rise and look towards  
The unresponsive stars,  
Or don my hose and so compose  
A column of pungent pars  
Alleging that I have lately had  
A message sent from Mars.

I try the pulse of Europe's heart  
And like it less and less;  
And when I count the gross amount  
I've squandered on the Press  
I often feel that I have missed  
Unqualified success.

Even my trusty *Little Blue*  
Begins to harbour doubt;  
Already faint suspicions taint  
That azure Brussels sprout;  
It hints that my supreme advice  
Is being done without!

And when I answer, "*Entre nous*,  
You find me cornered tight;  
I have no news of BURGER's views,  
He cannot wire or write;"  
"Just so," the editor replies,  
"But would he, if he might?"

Ah! what a change since round my path  
A steady limelight shone!  
I cannot say I like the way  
That things are going on;  
A little more and I shall find  
My occupation gone.

Not that I dread a straitened purse  
When I resign my quest;  
No menial toil shall ever soil  
These hands that kings have pressed;  
I have prepared for rainy days  
A nicely-feathered nest.

Only I fear that, though I've done  
All a civilian could,  
My fighting friends may fancy my ends  
Were not the common good;  
Such is the risk that patriots face  
Of being misunderstood!

Therefore I think I must regard  
My public days as done;  
And I who cast a shade so vast  
Beneath the open sun  
Had better retire *incognito*  
To a hermitage for one.



Facetious Countryman. "LOIKE YER 'AIR COMBED, MISS?"

So that if STEYN should take a trip  
To Europe some fine day,  
And closely press for my address,  
Having accounts to pay,  
For only guidance he may get  
The answer, "Gone away!" O. S.

## WANTED!

A "Contractor" for the Aristocracy.

THE Duchesses are, it is said, to be allowed eighteen inches of sitting accommodation during the Coronation service, while sixteen inches are considered sufficient for ladies of inferior degree. Hath not a Marchioness robes—with voluminous folds as well? Have not the Countesses as ample proportions, taking them all round, as their more exalted sisters? Is not a Viscountess gifted with elbows and funny-bones? Is even a Baroness to play the common or hermetic sardine? All these ladies,

we fear, are fated to be taught, by painful experience, the meaning of the third-class expression "to sit tight." And when the dramatic moment arrives for the donning of the coronets, will the manœuvre be executed by alternate numbers, or in sections, or by platoon firing, or how? At such close quarters there would be a danger of putting your own insignia on your neighbour's head. There would seem to be a need here for a literal contractor, a Procrustean professor who will reduce any given peeress, however portly, to Coronation dimensions, a temporary BANTER in fact—but no, we must not banter longer with such a serious subject. But if latitude is to depend on social precedence, according to the Earl Marshal's scale, it is to be feared that the lady-commoner in the street-crowd will have rather less than no breathing space at all.

## LAUS REMIGII.

THE Springtime, what a mercy 'tis to both our Universities:  
They realise the curse it is to read for Trip or Greats.

They both forget their ologies, lay down their load of  
knowledges,

And, lo, the giddy colleges divide themselves by Eights.

The Proctor takes it vernally, and, though he fines nocturnal-  
ly,

Grows kindlier diurnally, and acts like me or you.

If men will get their hands away and swing, he understands  
a way

Of putting airs and bands away and cheering on his crew.

Your Don may sometimes sham an ursine manner (like  
examiners),

He may declare "I am *iners*, and find my fellows bores";

But *now* each college resident, Dean, Master, Provost,  
President,

By every word he says identifies himself with oars.

The wrangler hasn't got an use for tangent or hypotenuse:  
He doesn't deem it rotten news to hear about the rows;

And gentlemen, whose bliss a row of sentences from Cicero  
Is found in, wouldn't miss a row for reams of Latin prose.

Now coaches—on their star equestrian mounts they're heard  
afar—request

Their pupils not to mar a quest for bumps by playing  
pranks.

And mites who do not fear a natatorial risk can steer an  
eight,

And try to find how near an eight can travel to the banks.

\* \* \* \* \*

So here's the praise of boats in May, of many-coloured coats  
in May,

Of One my mem'ry notes in maiden meditation free,—

But, since she left me high and dry, her charms I now defy  
and rhy-

-me a stave or two to try and dry the tears she weeps  
for me. "Tis."

## AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE.—*The Master's lodgings at University College, Oxford.*  
*The Master is sitting at his table, writing diligently.*  
*To him enter the Dean of Oriel. TIME.—A few days ago.*

*The Master (rising).* Ah! Mr. Dean, good morning. I  
ventured to ask you to call upon me. The matter is rather  
important.

*Mr. Dean (who has the air of being nervously on the defensive).* And what—er—is the matter?

*The M.* It's about this bequest of Mr. RHODES's.

*Mr. D. (edging towards door).* If it is merely to offer your  
congratulations—

*The M. (sternly).* It is not. Pray be seated. (*Poor Mr. Dean meekly takes a chair, on the edge of which he poises himself uncomfortably.*) You are aware, perhaps, that the funds of University College are not—er—in as flourishing a condition as they were? Our High Table is sadly in need of contributions. Agricultural depression—

*Mr. D.* No doubt.

*The M.* I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that Oriel might see the fitness of handing over to this college some portion, at least, of their large and unexpected bequest. If Mr. RHODES had only had the misfortune to dine here!

*Mr. D.* Really, I can see no grounds for such a conclusion.

*The M.* Indeed! Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Dean,

that but for the action of University Mr. RHODES would never have gone to Oriel at all?

*Mr. D.* I have heard a rumour—

*The M.* Yes. We refused to take him here—on the ground that he did not intend reading for honours. (*Regretfully.*) It was a sad mistake.

*Mr. D.* But you made it. (*With honest pride.*) We were wiser.

*The M.* Oh, come, I've heard that you were pretty idiotic about him yourselves. Didn't you at one time suggest to him that he had better migrate to New Inn Hall?

*Mr. D.* Yes. Because he was hardly sufficiently regular in his attendance at my lectures. (*Ingenuously.*) It's dreadful to think he might actually have gone! Fortunately he declined.

*The M. (triumphantly).* Then I don't see that you were much wiser than we were! If you'd had *your* way the money would have gone to New Inn Hall.

*Mr. D. (meekly).* We acted for the best.

*The M.* So did we. But we haven't made anything out of it. Whereas you've made £100,000.

*Mr. D. (wiping the perspiration from his brow).* What an escape we had! But how were we to know?

*The M.* That's just it, how were we to know? However, I've made up my mind to take steps to prevent the possibility of such a thing ever happening to us again.

*Mr. D.* How are you going to manage that?

*The M. (with honest pride).* I've drawn up a set of college rules, to be added to those at present in force, which will, I think, meet the difficulty.

*Mr. D.* May I hear them?

*The M.* Certainly. They are only just completed. (*Takes up paper from table and adjusts glasses to read.*) Rule 34—I have numbered them so as to follow on after the present regulations—

RULE 34. No millionaire, or son of a millionaire, or near relative of a millionaire who has a reasonable expectation of succeeding to the whole or major part of his fortune, will be expected to read for honours.

RULE 35. All gentlemen connected with the diamond industry or with a large interest in gold mines who desire to matriculate at University will be excused entrance examination.

RULE 36. All junior members of the College who intend to accumulate, or who are likely to inherit, great wealth, are requested to communicate with the Dean, who will see that existing regulations as to attending lectures are relaxed in their favour.

(*Looking up.*) Rule 36, you see, is especially adapted to meet your case.

*Mr. D.* Yes, I see. I think I should like to make a note of that, if you'll allow me. [*Does so.*]

*The M.* There is one more:—

RULE 37. It would greatly facilitate the work of administration if undergraduates who purpose leaving substantial bequests to the College would signify the same to the Master in writing as early as possible in their academical career.

I call that a wise provision. Statesmanlike, eh?

*Mr. D. (maliciously).* It comes a little late, perhaps?

*The M. (bursting into tears).* That's the worst of it. We are a most unfortunate College. SHELLEY we rusticated. And we wouldn't take CECIL RHODES. It's really tragic.

*Mr. D. (kindly).* There, there! Don't take it to heart! I tell you what I'll do. When the bequest is paid and "comfort and dignity" reigns at the Oriel High Table—we're going to get a stunning cook!—I'll ask you to dine! [*Exit.*]

CLASSIC INVITATION TO A SUPPER PARTY.—"Quis supperabit?"



Guilderstein (of the City, who has been inspecting the property with a view to purchase). "NICE LOT OF HEADS! SHOT ON THE ESTATE, I SUPPOSE?"

### FAUST AND FOREMOST.

BACK again to the Lyceum, where, as by this time everyone knows, Sir HENRY IRVING, on "enjoying his own again," received the heartiest and most enthusiastic welcome. "The spirit that denies" was compelled to assert that this "first night" was one of the biggest evenings in the history of the Lyceum. Miss ELLEN TERRY was heard of, but not seen—she was, as it were, "in the air"—and on this occasion "The Invisible Lady" shared in the acclamations with which her devoted subjects received the managerial "few words" after the fall of the curtain. Had not ELLEN TERRY given her benison to "The New Girl," i.e. Miss CISSY (now, so please you, "CECILIA") LOFTUS, who, appearing for the first time as *Marguerite*, evidently felt so oppressed by her responsibility that her nervousness was from the first only too apparent? Gradually, only very gradually, it wore off, and where strong emotion had to be portrayed, she rose to the occasion, giving those who were watching her with interested curiosity a glimpse of future possibilities within reach of CECILIA, the young actress who steps upon the Lyceum boards after bidding a long farewell to "Cissy of the Halls."

Is it too late in the day to say a word on "WILLS's Mixture," that is, his version of *Faust*? Might not the Witches' Kitchen and the fourth act be entirely omitted with great advantage to everyone concerned? GOUNOD's opera is far more dramatic than this play; and, indeed, were the construction of the old KEAN-AND-BOUICHAULT drama more closely followed, would not the acting produce an effect far greater than it does at present, as the attention of the audience could be focussed on the central figure, instead of being distracted, as it now is, both from the acting and from the story by the interpolation of meaning-

less mummery? It is in the poem; true,—leave it there. Sir HENRY's marvellous *Mephisto* needs no other setting than the scenes that tell the old, old story, as plain as words and deeds can make it to all alike both gentle and simple.

### MOTURING.

(By a Shareholder.)

YEARS ago I bought some shares in a motor company. It was so long ago that I hardly remember when it was. I only know that it was at a time when nobody in this country ever looked at a motor-car, except to laugh at it and hardly anyone had even the chance of doing that, for no motors were to be seen. Now you may be run over by one anywhere you like.

The company was promoted by a—stay, I will make use of an opprobrious epithet which is not actionable—by a company promoter, who has long since disappeared from the scene. It is possible that he was a knave; it is certain that I was a fool—neither a man of business nor a Fellow of Oriel, but a mere ordinary duffer. Yet it is remarkable what interest those shares have afforded me during all these years. Not, I hasten to add, interest in the form of dividends, for nothing of the sort has ever made its appearance, but interest in the way of meditations on methods of business, and on the complete futility of human expectations.

If the company had been an absolute failure, I really believe it might have succeeded after a time. Instead of that it went about the United Kingdom winning medals of gold and silver, of brass and putty also, for all I know, and certificates and diplomas and marks, until my head swam in the effort to remember its achievements. And every



time it won anything the price of the shares fell accordingly. A certificate or a diploma sent them down a shilling, an ordinary medal depressed them to the extent of half-a-crown, and as for the gold medal, it was such a staggering blow that the unhappy company collapsed altogether. It had to be wound up and reconstructed, and of course the shareholders had to pay a call, as a mere matter of politeness, to enquire after its health, before it was strong enough to go in for any more competitions.

As I am not a man of business I do not pretend to understand the causes of all this; I merely record the facts. The last fact which I have to record is that the shares had reached the modest price of eighteenpence just before the Motor Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall. I trembled lest some well-deserved prize should bring down the shares to sixpence, and when I read that a car belonging to the company had gained a certain number of marks in a race, which would infallibly cause them to fall to a shilling, I felt that no margin was left for any medal whatever.

That I might know the worst, I resolved to visit the Exhibition. A cab for such a prodigious distance being quite beyond the means of a motor company's shareholder, I travelled to the City for twopence, and thence northwards by the South London Electric Railway, which sounds rather contradictory, and emerged in a sea of mud at a station called "Angel." I must confess to a deplorable ignorance of many parts of London. It might have been Archangel for all I knew, though I hardly seemed to have been shot through a tube quite so far north as that, and the crowd of people and tramcars and omnibuses all struggling together in the pouring rain convinced me that the sea of mud was not the White Sea at all events.

I had understood that the Agricultural Hall was almost next to this station. It was not. After wading an enormous distance through the mud and the crowds, and dodging the tramcars and the omnibuses, and asking every second person if I was going in the right direction, I at last reached the Exhibition, and entered by a passage full of all sorts of things quite unconnected with motor-cars. But directly I stepped into the great hall I perceived a brave show of my unhappy company's conveyances. I saw at once that it could never escape the fatal medal, and that inevitable ruin was before it. Without troubling to look at anything else I turned and fled.

I was not mistaken, for I have just received the usual notice of a meeting to reconstruct the company. If anyone likes to buy my shares—£1 shares, fully paid, no calls in arrear, over-and-over-and-over-again-fully-paid—I shall be delighted to let him have them all at a penny apiece.

A. NINCOMBE POOPE.

#### AN EX-AUSTIN' TASK.

(Some questions, for Literary Students, on the Laureate's new poem, entitled "A Tale of True Love.")

1. "It had beheld kings and proud empires vanish,  
Male sceptres shattered, princedoms pass away,  
Norman, Plantagenet, Lombard, Swabian, Spanish,  
Rise, rule, then totter and topple from their sway."

State what happened to the female sceptres. Scan the last line, and draw a Spanish in the act of toppling.

2. "And nigh these oaken-timbered barn and stable,  
Lowlier, withal of countenance akin,  
Cluster, for in times olden, meek and proud  
Being nearer much than now, their kinship was avowed."

Translate this passage into English, explaining why the times were meek and proud; also, who was nearer what, and if not, how otherwise.

3. State the brand and vintage referred to in the following phrase:

"A sudden living figure rose before her.  
Modern, withal with air of ancient port."

Contrast with it the description of autumn as a "sober mezzo-tint."

4. Parse, and comment upon the beauty of the lines:

"Will you, I round it willingly can guide you,  
Unless—and, told, shall fully understand—  
Wander you rather would with none beside you."

5. Describe *Sir Alured's* fortunes in the South African war. What is a "steel-shod sentry?" His name is mentioned in "terse despatches;" show from this that he was not among the force which relieved Ladysmith. *Egeria* reads "of some fresh deed of daring That decorates his breast and crowns his brow." How do you suppose that the latter process was effected?

6. (a) "What is there that endures? Go ask of Greece or Rome." Contrast this line with the rather similar utterance of a forgotten bardlet called JOHN KEATS. (b) The Laureate opines that "this true simple tale" will "soothe some sufferer's lot When noisier notes are husht, and newer ones forgot." State what grounds (if any) you can discover for this belief. Are the "noisier and newer notes" addressed to the Islanders?

7. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Does the rhythm of *A Tale of True Love* falsify this statement?

#### VERY MUSICALLY CATCHING; OR, TWO AT ONE HALL.

THE amateur of music, keeping his weather-eye open to all advertisements of concerts, should be careful not to miss the next occasion when Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE and Mr. GREGORY HAST may unite in giving a concert whereat the amateur aforesaid will Hast-en to assist. Then will he hear two of our sweetest singers duetting and soloing in French, German, and our native English. We should have liked "two of Scotch and one Irish," but perhaps these will be given when Mr. L. G. SHARPE "manages" another of these delightful "vocal recitals." A good two hours' entertainment—nay, a very good two hours' entertainment—which would be less instrumentally melodious than it is, were it not for the piano accompaniment by Mrs. GREGORY HAST, and by a BIRD that gives us his best notes when striking only on the instrument. "MARGUERITE! she's a daisy!" as Mr. CHEVALIER's coster sings, and when thou Hast heard HAST thou 'lt be Hastonished. This way to St. James's Hall to listen to these two brilliant musical stars! "*Sic hitur ad Hastra!*"

#### HOW I WAS TAKEN.

IN *Household Words*, which is now the CAINE family organ, Mr. HALL CAINE has an article entitled "How I was taken for a tramp." We understand that the following sequels may be expected:—

"How I was taken for a ramp." By Lord SUFFIELD.

"How I was taken for a Gamp." By Mrs. HARRIS.

"How I was taken for a poet." By Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.

"How I was BACON for Mr. HALL CAINE." By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"How I was taken aback by *Household Words*." By CHARLES DICKENS.

Dr. JAMESON'S NEW ELIXIR.—Magnate of Rhodesia.



## AN UNEXPECTED RIDE.

*Tuesday.*—Dined with SPILLER last night, and discussed our coming Point-to-Point race with him. He seemed to think it rather heroic to ride in one. I smiled indulgently and assured him it was merely like fast hunting run. "Well, you try it," said SPILLER, rather nettled; "I did once, and found it rather nervous work." Smiled again. SPILLER poor horseman. I mean compared to—well, say me, for instance. I tried to shame him into riding by saying, "If I only had your chestnut mare, SPILLER, I'd soon show them the way along!" "Then I'll enter her, and you shall ride!" he said. Enthusiastic creature, SPILLER. Of course I was awfully glad—at least, I fancy so. Now that I come to think of it, that chestnut mare has awfully bad shoulders, and also pulls pretty hard. Wonder if she's quite safe at her fences?

*Saturday.*—Nasty chilly wind for the Point-to-Point. Hate riding across country in chilly wind. Have just walked the course, and must say I think small consideration has been shown for the lives of horses and riders. Never saw such enormous fences—and that mare is, as I thought, not at all certain at her fences. Rode her one or two gallops, and didn't like the way she carried me at all. Told SPILLER so, but he only grinned. Begin to dislike that man. My hat most uncomfortable—presses on forehead and makes head ache. New "pink," too, rather tight about armholes, and I can not get left heel properly down into top-boot.

Luncheon to the farmers in marquee before racing begins. Absurd arrangement, this. One can't eat anything before. I mean one's appetite so much better after race than before. Two whiskies and sodas. Saddling bell rings, and ten minutes later am mounted. That fool SPILLER says, "I suppose you mean to come right along with her?" Well, of course I couldn't come right along *without* her. Hate people who say silly things—especially at moments like these, when one doesn't feel at all well, and that sort of thing, don't you know. Never knew a saddle so hard and slippery before. Groom had stirrup leathers all wrong, too. Had both taken up a hole, then left leather another hole, but had to let it down two holes directly after. Then did same with other one. Beastly saddle: didn't seem to give you any grip, don't you know. At last groom says, "You'll be late, Sir, if you don't get down to the post now," and I had to go, still feeling most unhap—uncomfortable, I mean.

There were thirteen of us altogether—beastly unlucky number, thirteen—and when starter said "Go," I tried



*Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy caressing dog).* "THAT IS RIGHT, LITTLE BOY, ALWAYS BE KIND TO ANIMALS."

*Little Boy.* "YES, 'M. I'LL HAVE THIS TIN CAN TIED TO HIS TAIL SOON'S I'VE GOT HIM QUIET."

to pull my mare back. Hate riding over fences just in front of others—seems such bad form. But my brute jumped into her bridle with a squeak, and a hoist of the hindquarters which sent my beastly hard hat over my eyes, and then put her head down and rushed away in front of the whole field. How she got over first fence without any assistance from me, I don't know. My hat was blindfolding my eyes until, on landing at far side, I pushed it back again. On we went, down stiffish slope to the brook, and, mare having no shoulders, I was jerked farther and farther out of that wretched, hard, slippery saddle, until, when she took off at the water, I was sitting right on her withers. Well, naturally no man could expect to do any good in that position, so as she rose at the brook I simply dismounted, and, losing my footing as I stepped on the grass, I slipped and fell at full length face downwards, my

head hanging over the water—and my hat fell in.

Mare went the whole course, and came in first—but there was some silly objection about her not carrying the right weight, and the second horse took the cup. I walked back to the luncheon tent, and, as I was entering, met SPILLER. The fellow actually asked me—right before a dozen ladies, too—"What made you fall off?" *Fall off!* Really, some men are so ignorant that one can't argue with them. I passed on, without replying, and to-morrow, when I meet him in the City, I shall cut him dead.

*Enthusiastic Irishman (on the coming Cork Exhibition).* "Anyway, I tell ye all, th' people of Cork deserve th' greatest credit for th' way they put their hands in their pockets and took th' bull by th' horns."



Butcher. "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AN' WHAT DO YOU WANT?"  
 Little Dear. "TAIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS! *HI* WANTS A DIMIND DOG COLLAR, AN' A BRO'M, AN' A PERMININT PARSE TO THE MUSIC 'AIL, AN' A SEAT AT THE CORINASHUN. BUT IT AIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS, IT'S WOT *MUVVER* WANTS, AN' *SHE* WANTS 'ARF A POUND OFF THE SCRAGGY END OF A NECK O' MUTTON, ON THE NOD TILL MONDAY!"

#### OUR CRICKET PUZZLES.

PERSONS interested, although so early in the season, in cricket analyses, are asked to analyse the following sentence from the official letter addressed to the Lancashire Club by Mr. A. C. MACLAREN. "Having returned from Australia feeling stronger than I have done for years, having practically banished all rheumatism, owing to a cure that I have been undergoing for the last four months, coupled with the fact that Mrs. MACLAREN has also benefited, I am perfectly willing still to do my best to play for Lancashire, always provided the Lancashire people wish to see me again,

although it is quite impossible for me to accept the post which has been offered to me, which is considerably more remunerative than the last one, owing to the necessity of my being free to return home at any time when my presence is required there." Mr. MACLAREN already holds the record for the biggest score in first-class cricket. He now adds to his laurels the credit of the longest sentence in the literature of the game.

#### AN ADAPTATION.

*Nil admirari* all the art I know;  
 To keep girls happy is to make 'em sew.

#### THE LIONS' LAMENT.

"So far as smart society is concerned, authors are lions no longer. Roar they never so loudly, not a soul shudders. Authors have themselves to blame. Their first mistake was committed in accepting Society's invitations and attending functions in short hair and conventional attire. Their second consisted in talking the epigram to death; but the fatal error was the illustrated interview. Familiarity breeds contempt—even for lions. Authors now entertain each other; and, banished from Mayfair, are glad to prowl in Maida Vale."—*Sydney Bulletin*.]

The mansions of the mighty,  
 Within whose guarded door  
 Sat golden Aphrodite  
 Delighting in our roar;  
 The gates that leapt asunder  
 Before our royal thunder  
 Which filled her halls with wonder,  
 Now welcome us no more.

What fatal condescension  
 Possessed us to declare  
 For collars of convention  
 And ties that sane men wear?  
 What fiend so falsely played us,  
 What lunacy betrayed us,  
 Delilah-like, and made us  
 Cut off our Samson hair?

Why was our conversation  
 One long, unceasing flow,  
 A dazzling coruscation  
 Of epigram and *mot*?  
 Tired grow the eyes that follow  
 The swiftly-wheeling swallow:  
 Not always does Apollo  
 Extend his straining bow.

Why did we weakly suffer  
 Within our private den  
 The journalistic duffer,  
 With camera and pen,  
 To tell, with illustrations,  
 The habits, recreations,  
 Meals, family relations  
 Of literary men?

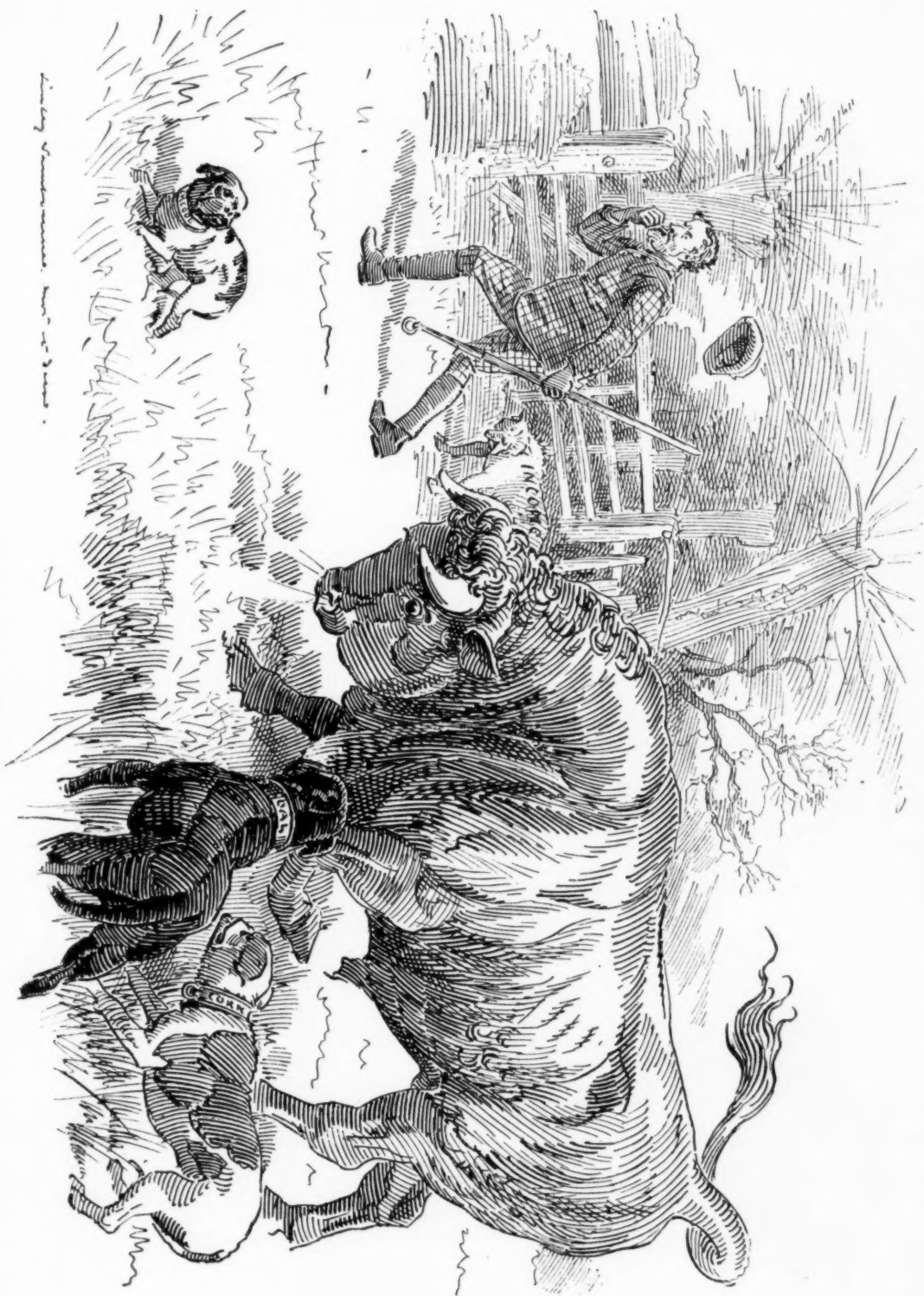
Ah me, if we had only  
 Refused to tell our tale,  
 And lived aloof and lonely  
 Within our sacred pale,  
 We should not willy-nilly  
 Have fled gay Piccadilly  
 To prowl about in silly  
 Suburban Maida Vale.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.—We read in the "London Correspondence" of the *Manchester Guardian* of the 29th ult. that Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD was "called out" no fewer than sixteen times at the performance of his opera at Leipzig on the evening of the 25th ult.

#### QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?

SCHOLASTIC.—Required, for Preparatory School, clergyman to help manage and visit parents.—*Church Times*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—MAY 7, 1902.

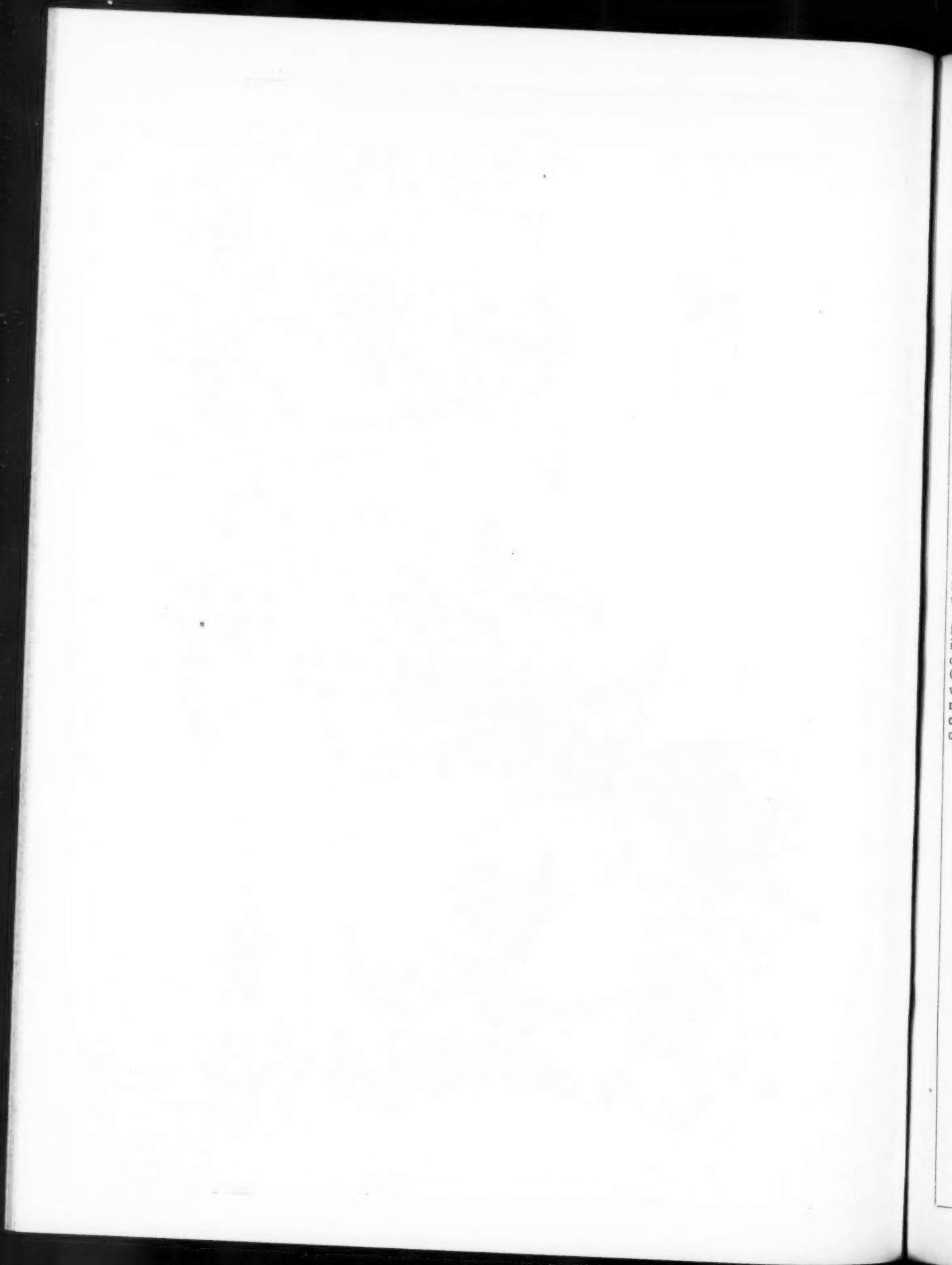


## BULL BATTINGS.

KEEPER H-O-R-E-S B-G-I-T. "COME ON, TUPPENNY! WE'D BEST GET OUT OF THIS!"

[Punch "Tuppenny" quickly.]





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.  
—What a wag it is! and no one ever suspected him of the quality. That is the worst of man. Next to woman he is the most misleading creature that walks the earth. On Budget nights Sr. MICHAEL has been known to indulge in little pleasantries; that a manner common to Chancellors of the Exchequer. There is really nothing funny about being taxed, especially if imposts are augmented. But in course of years it has come to be established that at a certain stage of the Budget speech, usually immediately before disclosing his secret of the financial year, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall make at least one little joke.

Some of us old enough to remember how BOB LOWE had his jest, though it almost lost the Government their estate. *Ex luce lucellum* was irresistible. LOWE could no more pass it by than the confirmed dram-drinker can forego his morning potion. So he invented the match tax in order that he might put this tag on the box.

Sr. MICHAEL's joke takes a more fearsome form. Nothing jocular in the inception. To double the stamp on the cheque isn't funny; it's simply stupid. One of those temporary aberrations which, as in the historic case of the match tax, in their time visit Chancellors of the Exchequer. For the sake of half a million, a mere nothing among

his fabulous figures, Sr. MICHAEL vexes an important business and a multitude of men. Taken aback by the roar of



Congratulations in the Lobby.  
(Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-sf-rd.)

execration that greets his proposal, he says, "Very well, I have an amended scheme that will meet objections on all sides."

To-night he discloses it. Having drawn a cheque, say for £1 19s. 10d., you must use a twopenny stamp. But, when the cheque is cashed and cancelled, you pop out "to the nearest Post Office"—observe the consideration that insists on your going to the very nearest—show the cheque to the Postmaster, and incontinently, across the counter, he hands you a penny.

Here is added a new and subtle charm to payment of small accounts. In writing a cheque for any amount under two pounds the human frame will be diffused with a sense of pleased expectancy. Mr. Micautber died too early. Still, one can imagine the satisfaction with which he would have written a cheque, say for thirty shillings, feeling that when it came back from his bankers he would step out "to the nearest post office" and receive a penny in cash.

When we come to think of it, here is a new, easy, certain way of making a living. A man in fairly good health could draw sufficient small cheques in a day to yield an aggregate of pennies that would at least pay his cab fares and his dinner at the club. Put it at the moderate computation of one hundred. There's eight and fourpence at once!

House roared with laughter when Sr. MICHAEL, with conscious air of a man who has discovered a good thing, described his plan. On closer scrutiny

there will be found more in it than meets the eye.

*Business done.*—Sr. MICHAEL takes the House into his confidence about the stamp duty on cheques. The House laughs. Sr. MICHAEL stares. Can't think what they see funny in the proposal. CHARLIE BERESFORD, back after two years' cruise in the Mediterranean, reports himself to SPEAKER. "Come aboard, Sir," he says, tugging at his tawny forelock. Afterwards holds sort of levee in Lobby.

*Tuesday evening.*—'Tis well that in happier days HARRY CHAPLIN accidentally acquired the habit of permitting a voluminous pocket-handkerchief to hang loosely from a roomy outside breast pocket. When, erstwhile, he stood at the table expressing the views of Her late Majesty's Government on agriculture, local government, or the shortcomings of gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite, the flowing cambric bestowed upon him a *negligé* air that happily toned the stately dignity of his bearing. Now the appanage is put to practical uses. It serves to mop the tears that well to honest eyes at contemplation of the goings on of PRINCE ARTHUR, beginning at a certain date in the year 1900, since steadily deepening in enormity.

Introduction of New Procedure Rules has brought out all the innate iniquity that lurks under the still fair, almost ingenuous, countenance of a former colleague and leader. When CHAPLIN rises to lament new departure from path of virtue, so profound is his emotion, so broken his voice, so depressed his attitude, that only by concentrated pained attention anxious House can catch his words. Occasionally there is a pause; the right hand slowly reaches forth for the pocket-handkerchief; slowly hauls out what in cubic measurement suggests the mainsail of a yacht. As the anguished face



The Right Hon. H-nry Ch-p-l-n.



Cork.  
J. F. X. O'Brien.

is hidden in its folds a sympathetic sniff passes along the benches.

"CHAPLIN, weeping for his old colleagues, will not be comforted," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, vainly endeavouring to control a quavering voice.

This fine; finer still when, manfully mastering emotion, he uplifts a Jove-like countenance and proclaims things. "Sir," said he just now, waving the pocket-handkerchief as in far-off days his kinsman, GEOFFREY DE CHAPLIN, Sieur of Blankney, flaunted the white flag of the Crusader in the face of the Moslem guarding the walls of Ascalon, "I cannot permit myself, through personal regard for any of my friends, to be a traitor to the best interests of this House."

PRINCE ARTHUR affected to smile. A poor pretence; a withered flower of feigned merriment fading on pallid lips.

*Business done.*—Sat up all night with Procedure Rules.

*Thursday night.*—Bold WILLIAM ALLAN, his beard fluttering in the breeze, rushed for'ard just now and nailed Union Jack to the mast. If the incident had been foreseen it would have been worth while to have arranged seats for a few foreigners in Strangers' Gallery. We don't regard American Minister as a foreigner. Still, special reason just now why it would have been happy accident had Mr. CHOATE been in his not infrequent place in diplomatic gallery. A shrewd, keen-sighted man, he would have been able to pick up a notion for communication to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, or anyone else it may concern in the United States.

All about the Shipping Deal. JAMES WOODHOUSE, Kt., began it, moving adjournment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Put case admirably in brief business-like



W-ll-m All-n.



"A tie, I think?"  
Hon. B-bby Sp-ne-r.

speech. CAP'EN TOMMY promptly hove alongside, and ran up his jibboom in signal of accord. Incidentally—quite accidentally—spar gave BROTHER GERALD a nasty knock. In reply to question put earlier, GERALD declared he, as President of Board of Trade, "had no official information" about the great Deal.

"What's the use of a Minister of State," cried the CAP'EN, looking scornfully down on back of head of BROTHER GERALD seated on Treasury Bench, "who, in matters of this importance, divides himself into official and non-official capacities?"

Debate spread in spite of PRINCE ARTHUR's fervent entreaty. Quaint contribution from McIVER. Didn't quite catch its purport; largely biographical in its character; something about a Deal in wheat he and another man (since dead) engineered; bought it at Chicago secretly in dead of night; the other man (now no more) fixed up the railway people; McIVER (happily still with us) re-painted a Cunarder so that her own captain wouldn't know her; bribed the dock authorities at New York to load her with grain in a fog; she made a record voyage to Liverpool.

Here, unhappily, the narrative broke off. Another incident in his interesting career flashed across McIVER's active mind. Something to do with Free Trade; unanswered the question of what became of the grain—whether

the Deal proved profitable, or whether on opening the hatches the hold was found to be empty—the other man (deceased) having played McIVER false. Like the story of Cabuscan bold, McIVER's tale remains half-told.

Was certainly designed, like much else spoken, to convey impression that the country's going to the dogs. BOBBY SPENCER, momentarily emerging from his collar, regretted he had been brought up as an agricultural labourer. Had he, when a boy, sailed before the mast, or even behind it, he might now have saved his country.

In these depressing circumstances the appearance on deck of burly WILLIAM ALLAN, refreshing as the wind blowing in from the sea on a sultry day. "A storm in a tea-cup," he derisively described the debate. "American millionaires going to buy up our ships? Let 'em. We'll build more. Run us off the seas? Been trying it on for fifty years. Let 'em go on trying. Lower the Union Jack? It can never be lowered."

WILLIAM concluded by singing verse of "Rule Britannia." Motion for adjournment immediately withdrawn.

*Business done.*—In the Lords misunderstanding on the subject of Divorce arose between LORD CHANCELLOR and EARL RUSSELL.

## ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

### IV.

COLONEL BORDERVERRY was charged with shooting at the London Hippodrome with intent to murder one RICHARD WAGNER.

Evidence was given that the prisoner fired repeatedly at a piano with a Winchester rifle, thereby eliciting sounds alleged to correspond painfully to an air from *Lohengrin*. It was held that the Colonel had received no provocation and that the piano was doing its best.

Mr. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS, Wagnerian expert, deposed that he had visited the Hippodrome in quest of innocent amusement and as a change from the rigours of Queen's Hall. He, to observe the prisoner this soul-destroying and uncalled-for outrage make, utterly horrified was.

Herr SIEGFRIED WAGNER stated that he was not at the Hippodrome on the night in question. He was at Bayreuth, but every shot was painfully audible at Wahnfried, and distressed the family greatly.

For the defence it was held that the Colonel, having exhausted all other targets, was entitled to fire at a piano. Pianos, it was pointed out, had served on mobile columns in South Africa.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, pianist, said that he thought the Colonel's marksmanship admirable. The force and precision





AT THE R.A.

*First Painter.* "I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWING MY AUNT ROUND. MOST AMUSING. INVARIABLY PICKS OUT THE WRONG PICTURES TO ADMIRE AND DENOUNCES THE GOOD ONES!"  
*Second Painter.* "OH, SHE LIKED YOURS!"  
*First Painter.* "OH, SHE LIKED YOURS!"

C.E. Brock 1902.



## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

LAST Saturday was The Academy Banquet, when His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, as chief guest of the Academicians, succeeded to the seat of honour gracefully placed at his disposal by His Majesty, who has for so long a time and always so happily occupied it. That the toast of "The King" was received with the greatest enthusiasm "*cela va sans dire*," and the reception of the Prince, who is already a practised speaker, was of the very heartiest. So, now to see the works contributed by our Masters of Arts.



First and Foremost (131). State Portrait of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, painted by command and by LUKE FILDEN, R.A. It is a "living picture." *Five le Roi!*

149. By Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER, President R.A. "*Storm Nymphs*." Young ladies who find bathing on this Cornish coast very delightful. But, after all, not quite so convenient as Scarborough or Margate.

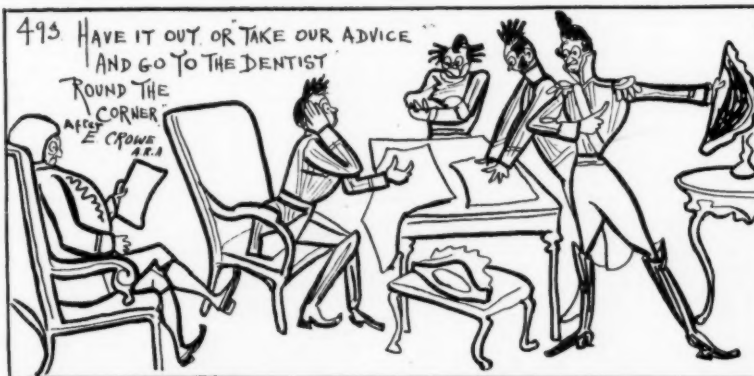
28. "*Our Valentine*" (VAL PRINSE, R.A.). Girl, thumb-twiddling, meditating perhaps on lover in S. Africa; in France, Val?



10. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. Portrait *In Camera*, or *A Brief Moment*. Barrister in full forensic costume privately rehearsing his speech for the defendant.

14. Also by W. Q. O., R.A. *A Strong Temptation*; or, *C'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Elderly gentleman looking cautiously round as though asking, "Soft! Am I observed? If nobody's looking, I will open this jewel-case."

13. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A., shows a knight, "in shining armour clad," saying to a fair equestrienne, "See here! the only thing I've forgotten is my gauntlets." "We'll stop at the next glover's," she whispers. He listens to her sighs.



37. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. "*The Lady of Lions*," on tour with performing tigers and other highly trained animals. WOMBWELL's travelling menagerie out for an airing.

54. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. "*A Lively Measure*." The muzzy-looking trio of musicians look like "three in a bar."

75. "*Twopence Coloured*." Striking portrait of H. BREERBOHM TREE as "*Herod*," painted by CHARLES A. BUCHEL, who, wishing to be distinguished in a certain branch of Art, paints a tree. Yet, "a Good Tree needs no Buchel."

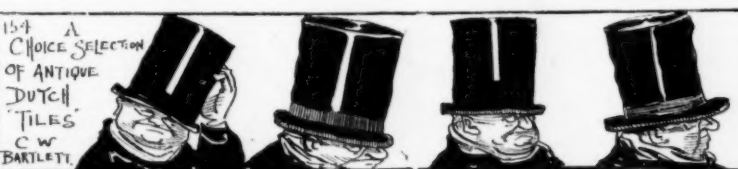
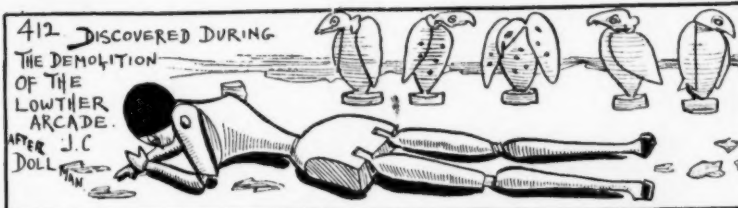
89. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. "*The Orange Girls*." Three boo'ful ladies under an orange tree. The fruit is ripe now, but it may be of "orange blossoms" to come that they are thinking. Most perfect orangement.

108. Mr. HENRY WOODS, R.A., here represents a delightfully sunny scene entitled "*A Venetian Water-seller*." This is, probably, to be followed by "*A Venetian Wine-cellar*," with "Wine from the Woods."



112. G. A. STOREY, A. Not a bad Storey; 275 is a queer Storey, but 442 is quite another Storey, in fact, a capital Storey. And, after all, what is better than "the old old Storey;" ADOLPHUS STOREY should illustrate "*Dolly's Dialogues*."

126. "*Hera in the House of Hephaistos*." Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A. The "lass of Richmond" as a listening Hera. But *this* Hera will hear a lot of good of herself.





139. "*Hughty Culture in the Hupper Sukkies.*" Handsome lady in satin golden-framed sofa; gold embroidery on dress, general idea of having invested in, what is called on 'Change, "gilt-edged securities," suggested by uncommonly FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. So she looks proudly round and says,

"Here will I sit!"  
"Let Kings come bow to me!"

143. W. W. OULESS, R.A., gives us a strong portrait of "*Blackwell*" looking "*Crosse*."

147. Winner of a chariot race over a water-course. FRANK O. SALISBURY.

190. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. The picture represents a dinner-table at dessert time. The Dinner-giving Bore is the host, miscalled "entertainer." His amusing stories have caused the precipitate flight of five out of his six guests, whose chairs are empty; but the sixth, overcome by his host's last amusing anecdote, has fallen fast asleep, prone on the table. The host is known appropriately as "*The Borgia*," with the accent on the "*Bor*."

196. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. "*Drove of Cattle at Chartley.*" In what county? Probably Oxon. *Vide Cattlelogue.*

200. MARCUS STONE, R.A., might well have named his prettily fancied picture "Rather a waste of time," as it represents a fair maiden with her ear close to a tree, patiently but anxiously waiting for its bark.

201. His only one, but such a one! The Marble Halls! The Strewn Roses! The Outer Hall, the Inner Hall, the Innermost Hall! Hallmarked by HALL-MA TADEMA, R.A. Perfect!

212. *A Trying Moment.* Mr. ALEXANDER as the *Prisoner of Zenda*, in new satin "unmentionables." But query, does the artist, Mr ROBERT BROUGH, mean them to be sat-in?

226. *Supercilious Portrait, loquitor,* "I am a

swell! Ya-as! rather!" (*To rude spectator.*) "Who are you? Don't know yar!" This is probably what it is saying, as of course it is a "speaking likeness," by LUKE FILDES, R.A.

229. *The Three Dianas; or, The Huntresses.* "The Misses HUNTER," so the catalogue has it; but who misses HUNTER, or FISHER, or any one else, in the presence of these three witches so marvellously painted by our Colour-SERGEANT, R.A.? We wish the best of sport to these three Hunters, and no insurmountable "obstacles!"

269. Another Hunter! Marvellous portrait of *Phil May* as hunting man in pink. J. J. SHANNON, A., *pinxit.* As a picture, the pink of perfection. Why so sad? Is it because—in spite of having had his hair cut—he hasn't got a hunting crop?

378. *The Simper-theistic Lady and the Finny Dog.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Hacker-demical study.

385. A violoncellist passing false notes; taken by A. LEICESTER BURROWS, and hung by the Academy.

413. "*On the Free List!*" FRANCIS BARRAUD gives us a good portrait of Admiral KEPPEL, with a lot of "orders."

429. *William Forbes*, by STANHOPE FORBES, A. Will Forbes buy Forbes, eh? Has done so, probably. Both gifted persons, and ready to act on "the give and take" principle.

447. LANCE CALKIN's portrait of *Sir John Tenniel* doing nothing and taken red-handed in the deed. Otherwise it might be entitled "*A Good Knight's Rest.*"

470. "*Snap-shots,*" or *Watching the Invaders.* By H. VON HERKOMER, R.A.

686. Intended by ARTHUR S. COPE, A., with horse by J. CHARLTON, for *W. Baird, Esq.*, but it ought to have been Equestrian portrait of CHARLES WYNDHAM in a new part as a hunting man making "a cast."

760. JOHN M. SWAN, A. Telling picture of a late or early gentleman who about 3 A.M. finds that

though he has kept his head he has lost his hat, and "confound it, where's my latch-key?"

777. HENRY S. TUKE, A., exhibits a portrait of *Alfred de Pass, Esq.* Name seems to indicate some distinguished member of the "Free List" persuasion. Adieu, ALFRED DE PASS. *Pa-sons!*

#### STATUARY.

1604. THOMAS BROCK, R.A., shows a soldier at the front scowling angrily across the hall at the ghostly statue of Mr. GLADSTONE by same sculptor.

1611 and 1612. Two busts of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. One, by WALTER MERRETT, in white marble. Other, by SYDNEY MARCH, in black. White King and Black King. Probably some chess problem intended. By different sculptors, but both Merrett-orious.

#### Outside.

"*Jeunesse Dorée.*" or equestrian golden statue of Black Prince (by BROCK, R.A.) protesting against being compelled to remain in the courtyard when so many other works of art, not by any means so well mounted, are admitted within the walls. Claim not allowed.

#### A COOKED ACCOUNT.

[At the Cambridge Police court, it appeared that Caius College was defrauded by its butcher to the extent of £8,000 or £9,000.]

A cook of the College of Caius  
Paid the butcher extortionate faius;  
And so much deceit  
They suffered in meat  
They'd better have dined upon chains.



#### FLOUTED.

To his rage and despair, Mr. Orlont receives the following:—"THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY REGRET THEY CANNOT HANG MR. ORLONT'S PICTURES, AND REQUEST THAT THEY MAY BE REMOVED AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE."



#### REVENGED.

But the spirit of revenge inspires him, and the "*Weekly Wirepuller*" shortly contains the following:—"CAN ANYTHING EXCEED THE IGNORANCE, THE INDOLENCE, THE IMPUDENCE, DISPLAYED IN THE SO-CALLED WORKS OF ART OF OUR ROYAL ACADEMICIANS?" &c., &c.